



the farmer



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Chapter 1 by pez

there was a farmer had a dog and bingo was his name o- b i n g o b i n g o b i n g o and bingo was his name o

there was a farmer had a dog and bingo was his name o- b i n g **b i n g** b i n g * and bingo was his name o

there was a farmer had a dog and bingo was his name o- b i n b i n b i n and bingo was his name o

there was a farmer had a dog and bingo was his name o- b i **b i** b i * and bingo was his name o

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



The priest solemnly set down the page from which he read, and looked out at the gathered mourners.

"These words, the simple truth of a farmer and his beloved canine companion, ring true for the families in this community because they are our stories. Today we bury a friend, a provider, a man of faith and of the land. We must count it as the Lord's mysterious blessing that this fine man and his faithful hound departed this world in the same hour of the same day. Old MacDonald, I believe you wanted to say a few words."

"Yes, Father, thank you." The gray-bearded farmer strode up to the podium and gazed solemnly at the crowd. "My friends," he began, "today we mourn the passing of one of our best, and tomorrow we look to a new day to put this loss behind us. That is what is proper, it is what we should do." He paused, and his features hardened. "But I am not ready, because we do not have the truth! This was no accident. And mark my words, if we don't find out who killed this man and

his poor Bingo, we will never have peace in this town again!"

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Chapter 3 by Intellikat

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The town erupted into chaos as the farmer's proclamation broke over with this proclamation of Old MacDonald.

An hour later, Apple Farmer Annie and The Farmer in the Dell were hunched over a small table at the pub, drinking hard cider. Hard cider that had come from Annie's own orchard.

"It's good cider, Annie."

"Thanks, Paul."

They both sipped in silence for a moment, and then Paul, the Farmer in the Dell, spoke up.

"They'll find us, Annie. They'll find us out. And when they do--"

--Shut up, Paul. Lower your voice. **They** won't find anything, because **we** were too thorough. You're just getting the jitters. Drink your cider. Now... when we go to see the district court judge Monday morning, you know exactly what to say, don't you?"

Paul nodded and sipped.

"This arrangement benefits the two of us, but only if our stories corroborate one another. The farmer owned some of the best land in town, and I'll be damned if we lose it now because you can't keep your nerve. So listen up. I want you to go home, sleep with your wife, and then get a good night's rest."

Paul nodded and drained his glass.

"Goodnight, Paul."

"Goodnight Annie. I won't screw this one up. Not like... not how I..." Paul trailed off.

"Forget it, Paul. What's done is done. Let's focus on Monday morning."

Paul nodded, as he was in the habit of doing.

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Across town, a tall and slender man with a small, round face and a large home.

"Whozzit?" came a gruff voice from the street.

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"Knu-- I mean Sam the farrier."

"Sam the ferrier? The ferryman?"

"No sir, the farrier. I deal in hoof care about town?"

"Oh."

There was long pause, and then a wooden bolt slid and the door opened. A hulking man in a stained undershirt stood in the doorway.

"Well, come in then. I'm sure you'll want to be seeing the ladies at this hour."

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